

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

NOVEMBER
1955





"JUST WHAT'S SO outstanding about this beat-up old place you call Firpo's?" That's what a friend asked when we sighed over the above picture. He was not a CBI-er and, of course, had never visited Calcutta. Probably a good many wives of CBI men have asked this same question. The exterior of Firpo's Restaurant is far from attractive, but the interior . . . well, that's something else. Suffice to say Firpo's is internationally famous for its food and Far Eastern atmosphere. We remember it best for having had there our first taste of "orange squash."

The bottom photo is another famous landmark of Calcutta—Hialeah Race Track, which drew great crowds of American soldiers during the war. Both of these photos were taken in recent years by Maj. Gen. Thomas G. Hearn.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI Roundup

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● "And away we go!" By the time you receive this issue we should be in Paris, on the first leg of our tour around the world. Barring any last-minute cancellations, there will be 25 of us making the Pilgrimage to India. We're convinced all of us are going to have a wonderful time. We'll be sharing our thrills and memories with you upon our return November 21st.

● Please remember, if you should change your address between Oct. 1 and Nov. 21, while we are on the tour, you may miss receiving one issue of the magazine. Send the address change anyhow, and we'll send the issue to you upon our return to the States.

● During our absence, the "Bazaar of India" will be closed. No orders will be taken until December 1st. We hope to find a number of desirable gift items for CBIs while in India. Any orders we place, however, will not be shipped in time for Christmas.

● Many thanks to the hundreds of subscribers who have written, wired and even phoned their best wishes to those of us making the Pilgrimage to India. To the many who have asked us to perform buying and other errands while in India, we have made note of all requests and if and when it will be possible to accomplish some of these we will be happy to do so. If it is not possible to attend to YOUR request, we hope you will understand that — at press time — we had noted 133 separate errands and it would naturally be impossible to attend to them all.



'Beauty at Hastings'

● Man alive! That Col. White sure makes Hastings Mill sound like a veritable heaven-on-earth, with the vast descriptions of birds and flowers. "Beauty at Hastings Mill" (Oct.) was a really fascinating article, mostly, I'm sure, because of the extraordinary detail and emphasis he placed on everything he had seen, smelled and heard while at Hastings. Frankly, all I can remember of the smells is a horrible odor.

JOHN L. KLEIN,
Phila., Pa.

Second-Hand Tour

● Sure wish I could join you on the October tour, but Uncle Sugar says "No!" So here's wishing everyone bon voyage and happy reminiscing. At least I can enjoy the trip second-hand, when you return!

Maj. FRANCES THORP,
APO 132, New York

Later Tour

● The Green Monster is getting the best of me on the world tour. How I would like to go along, but it is impossible with my present job. Maybe later I can make it if I live long enough! Do a good job of picture-taking and reporting on it!

ERNEST BROSE,
Kankakee, Ill.

Tried 'Ghee' Recipe

● Probably because the recipe was so simple, my wife made a batch of "Ghee" last week and by golly it tasted darned good! I've enjoyed reading the recipes in Syed Mohammed Abdullah's column each month, but I could never get the Mrs. to try one until now.

JAMES J. HERTZ,
Mobile, Ala.

NOVEMBER, 1955

Letter From Dibrugarh

By Bishop O. Marengo

Special to Ex-CBI Roundup

Though I am writing from a place which not very long ago was teeming with American soldiers, and heaven and earth here were swarming with American vehicles and planes, my own contact with GI's and their officers and chaplains was a very short one, in the tail of their stay in Upper Assam.

I spent the war years in our college in the Darjeeling district. My movements were restricted to a one-mile radius from the college premises for the first two years. From then on, when the Powers that were found out I was not that dangerous, I was allowed the whole district.

One of my few diversions was watching the Darjeeling Himalayan trains — five or six diminutive trains following each other closely — sweating up our steep hill under their load of American and British soldiers bound for the Darjeeling Rest Camp.

Toward the end of 1945 I was allowed to visit Assam to do a spot of preaching in Gauhati and Dibrugarh. In Gauhati, our boys' school with its technical section were requisitioned by the military. Two Fathers were allowed to stay on to administer to their flock in the town and the camps around. Of a Sunday the Parish House was regularly visited by parties of American boys: GI's and their officers would spend with the Fathers a few hours of uninhibited camaraderie.

It was this, above all, that made these young people likeable to us Latins. Of course, they never came empty-handed. It was always the sheep that fed their shepherds, a very novel experience in a place like Assam.

And the little ones of the Convent Boarding School, they certainly had a grand time. They must have known, of course, that there was a war on. They saw so many soldiers, trainloads, truckloads and jeeploads of them, but for them the war meant little more than daily milk bread, and a weekly surfeit of candies. Those GI's, they became doting grandmothers in the case of little ones.

It was in Gauhati I heard this story told by the British Brigadier, of a young American driver. An M.P. had been complaining that American drivers, as a rule, were not giving two hoots for speed limit regulations. The Brigadier thought he

Missionary Recalls GI Kindness During Upper Assam Stay

would be on the spot himself and teach someone a lesson. He had not long to wait before one of those huge American 6x6's came tearing through. The boy at the wheel put the brakes on when he saw the Big Boss raising his hand.

"What's up?"

"Speed limit on this road is 20 miles per hour!"

"You mean to win the war at 20 miles an hour?"

Before the Brigadier could digest the young driver's cheek the truck was vanishing in the distance.

It was in Dibrugarh for New Year's Day, 1946. A little before lunch time a handsome young man drove into the Mission compound in a new jeep. He came from Makum and I think he told me he was working in the bakery of the camp.

"My colonel gave me the day off and his jeep to enjoy myself, and I would like to take some of you people for a joy ride with me." Another Father and myself did not need any pressing to accept.

Of course, not one instant did I surmise that "Stinks" written in gleaming capitals on the jeep bonnet was the colonel's name.

I think Lucarelli was the boy's name, though I may get mixed up with the name of some other boys I met those days. Anyhow, I wish I could tell this boy, now after 10 years, how much I enjoyed and how I remember that outing with him. He took us to Chabua, the biggest airfield in Assam—this has since reverted to a tea plantation. We saw all there was to be seen and were just in time for a grand treat at the camp mess. How the American people could think of their boys overseas even to the extent of providing them with turkey on Christmas and New Year's Day!

Today, when I am back in Dibrugarh as its First Bishop, I feel it my special duty to thank the big-hearted American boys and their topping Chaplains for the great help they gave to this Mission while

they were here, and for the food and clothing articles they sent on to us when their camps were breaking up.

"We are supposed to destroy all these things," said a sergeant. "Anyway they will be eventually destroyed," he added with a grin.

Said another: "Had a surprise visit from the colonel yesterday. He inquired whether we carry out orders to destroy these things.

"Yes, Sir. We always do."

"But, does that mean you can't take some of the stuff over to the Mission Orphanage in Dibrugarh?"

"Oh, yes Sir. We always do!"

True enough all these things were eventually destroyed, though our boys are still occasionally amusing themselves with some battered American games, and American blankets and overcoats can still be seen in most corners of Assam. But many a poor body did they warm while they lasted.

What it seems will never disappear are those red unbreakable beer bottles. Many a house did I enter in my missionary tours and in most of them I saw at least one such bottle. People bring their weekly ration of cooking oil or kerosene from the market in them. Many of our school boys and girls keep their hair oil in these unbreakable American beer bottles.

We, ourselves, have an army of these beer bottles. Their necks have been broken and on big feasts they are taken out to help light up the house. I wonder if anywhere else in the world the same bright idea occurred of turning those empty beer bottles in flambeaus?

No doubt our friends in the States would be interested to know what has become of their camps and bases in this corner of the world. Besides the information that some of the airfields are still doing service as such, there is little I can say. Until recently cement floors and concrete pillars of military barracks were to be seen all around Dibrugarh, to mark the sites where American military camps once stood. But these too are now speedily disappearing. Some thrifty people have started breaking them up and are making a roaring trade selling chips to building contractors. Quite a bit of these are now in the columns and beams of the Little Flower Convent School, and of the new school building of the Indian Diocesan Sisters. Thus now, though in another sense, the American military camps are supporting our institutions!

I must not end these memories without mentioning a particular episode.

In 1945 the Salesian Novitiate for India was in Dibrugarh. The Novices were invited to sing Mass in an American camp on Sunday. After Mass the chaplain launched the idea of a Burse to help one of these Novices until his ordination to the priesthood. All the boys responded enthusiastically and generously. Thomas D'Souza, a Burma evacuee, the boy who played the organ during Mass, was selected. He will be ordained in a few months time in Shillong. I am sure this will be a pleasant bit of news for those boys who so wholeheartedly helped to give God one more priest.

In his First Mass, and in every Mass after that, he will ever remember what he owes to a group of American boys whom he met one day, ten years ago.

— THE END

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Mystery Man

● The article "Dibrugarh — The Vanishing City" (Sept.) is rather sad. The ever-increasing flood and the declining city certainly add to the misfortune of the population. Have spent many hours in Dibrugarh and made friends with several natives who are still writing to me. A few days prior to arrival of the Sept. issue I saw a man at the airport alight from a plane who resembles Rev. Ravalico. There was something unusual about him which I cannot describe. I had thought about him until Roundup arrived and now I am sure it was him.

ERNEST MORF,
Salt Lake City, Utah

118th Liaison Squadron

● Recently learned of the magazine. Was stationed with the 118th Liaison Squadron of the 10th Air Force at Ledo and Myitkyina. Later we were transferred to the 14th Air Force with Headquarters at Peishiyi, China. After the war ended I was transferred to the 2nd Combat Cargo Sq. for a short time. Along the line I hit many of the familiar places of most CBI vets, Camp Kanchrapara, Chabua, Dinjan, Jorhat, Piardoba, Kunming, etc.

R. BURKHOLDER,
Windom, Kans.



CONVOY OF GI's leaving Camp Kanchrapara for the ship docks at Calcutta, enroute home in late 1945. Photo by Burrows Sloan.

Assam Tour?

● I should like very much to be on the tour if it would be visiting the upper reaches of Assam, and down into Burma again. Take a good look around while you are there for such possibilities on the next junket.

KATHERINE HACK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Wonderful Reunion

● I attended the CBI Reunion in St. Louis and must say it was the best I've had the pleasure of attending. I want to congratulate all those on the Reunion Committee from the St. Louis Basha for arranging a wonderful program. The Reunion was a great success and everybody had a wonderful time and lots of fun. Try not to miss the next Reunion in Houston!

FRANK DESANTIS,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ten Years Later

● I would like to compliment Col. Robert B. White for his excellent article in the August issue ("Over The Hump"). During my tour of duty in CBI I had occasion to visit most of the bases mentioned in his story and it was quite a thrill to read, ten years later, about what has happened to our old bases in Assam.

JOE (Red) MILLER,
Shreveport, La.

Back Issues!

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
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CHIEF TEMPLE at Tiggyang, Burma, visited by many GI's during the war. U.S. Army photo.

Tour Next Year?

● My wife and I discussed at great length the possibility of our taking the grand tour around the world but find we cannot possibly do so this year. Will there be another tour next year?

CLYDE C. YOUNG,
Seattle, Wash.

Possibly. We'll know more after our return from this one next November.—
Ed.

'Beauty at Hastings'

● Enjoyed reading the article, "Beauty at Hastings Mill" in the October issue. I was stationed at Hastings Mill for over a year 1944-45 . . . I am planning now to attend the 1956 CBI Reunion in Houston. Looking forward to the report of the Pilgrimage to India in later issues.

HOWARD HARRIS,
Dallas, Texas

FELIX A. RUSSELL

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LOREN R. DURFEE leans on sign of 1352nd AAFBU at Mohanbari, India, more famous as the Search & Rescue Squadron.

843rd AAA A W Bn.

● Don't know how you do it, but Roundup keeps on getting better as time goes on. Like a lot of others, I suppose, I am awaiting with interest the reports of the trip back to India and visits to the old places. The 843rd AAA AW Bn. still keeps in touch with over 200 of its men by publishing the *Jackal Juice Journal* twice a year. We would be interested in hearing from any of our group who are readers of Roundup.

GLENN HESS,
1619 Conkling,
Utica 3, N.Y.

Hastings Booklet?

● Was introduced to a CBI vet last week and about the first thing we asked each other was, "Do you get Ex-CBI Roundup?" . . . Does anyone who was stationed at Hastings Mill have a souvenir booklet (published in late 1945) that I could beg, borrow or buy?

ROBERT V. ANTENNE,
27 E. Marshall,
Rice Lake, Wis.

10th Troop Carrier Co.

● Would like to hear from members of the 1st & 5th Troop Carrier Sq. of the 10th Troop Carrier Group at Sookerating.

FRANK E. GOOD,
Rt. 5, 3 Locks Rd.,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Bouquets to St. Louis

● Open letter to the St. Louis Basha: After three days and nights filled with fun, we headed back to Texas, tired and happy. Our hearts were lighter because we really enjoyed the Reunion in St. Louis. You people worked hard, and your labor provided many a happy memory for hundreds of CBI-ers and their families. We thank you again for a wonderful time, and we're looking forward to the opportunity of returning your hospitality in Houston next year.

MANLY KEITH,
Houston, Texas



SURRENDER OF Burma by Japan to the Allies took place Sept. 13, 1945, at the Government House, Rangoon. Representing Japan, Maj. Gen. Iwada signs the surrender document. Standing is Lt. Col. McLellan of the British Army. U.S. Army photo.

Planes For A Dollar!

Old CBI Air Corps wallahs will recall at the end of the war the U.S. Government collected most of the airplanes used in the Theatre — cargo, fighters, bombers, etc. — and flew them to Panagar, India, where they were either chopped into bits or lined up on revetments, awaiting sale to several governments.

In 1946 the U.S. sold 500 good planes, mostly C-46's and C-47's, for \$1 each to the Indian Government. Most of the C-47's are being used today on Indian airlines.

The following story, from the August 20, 1955, issue of *The Calcutta Statesman* tells what is happening to the rest of the planes.

We think you'll be well surprised to learn who has finally purchased these cargo planes. —Ed.

MAPS OF BENGAL, if they make mention of Panagar at all, indicate only one village of that name. Actually there are three Panagars — Panagar Village, British Panagar and American Panagar. And these are not names I have pulled out of a hat or used as a convenient label for the vast decay that is Panagar. They are names still used by the local people and used with unconscious affection.

And now to complicate the issue, there is a fourth Panagar under construction, a business-like cluster of outside Nissen huts and storehouses which I dare predict will one day blossom into an industrial city of considerable consequence.

The Grand Trunk Road, a main railway line, and now Durgapur's new Navigation Canal are powerful arteries coursing through its heart. Not far away the smog over extensive coalfields is a dark cloud

An American Depot In India Lives Again

on the horizon. Nature, busy winning the battle for British and American Panagar, will soon be in full retreat before Panagar A.D. 1960. That is a story yet to be written.

I am concerned with the decay of two villages which grew too quickly and lived too hectically to live too long. Life clings on tenaciously in little pockets of resistance where some vague authority has commanded it hang on. But nature has everywhere flung in its forces of decay and tropical growth and man, turned traitor, has assisted his own discharge. Hutments yawn open, rust-red and pierced with saplings. Grass climbs upon roofs, young trees force walls apart. It is one of those strangely sad, thrilling, Daliesque landscapes where rosettes of barbed wire are worn on flowering shrubs and vehicles grown unrecognizable with the passing of time waded ridiculously in seas of singing grass.

Then, as if to shock the senses, there are signs of life among the ruins, clothes hung out to dry, a flag pole and flag, a garden, and people alighting from a bus carrying bedding down forgotten roads into barracks seemingly deserted.

British Panagar, I am informed — a thirteen-year-old military camp and storage area. Miles of it, and then the living



TREMENDOUS parking area and Butler and Zula hangars at Panagar Air Base, June 22, 1945. A few months later this area was filled with planes from all over CBI. U.S. Army photo.

village where the debris of war is apparent in the makeup of modern buildings. Plants in a tin helmet, hunks of rusted machinery keeping roofs weighted to their walls. Beyond again, American Panagar, a sudden ricochet of sunlight on an airplane.

I turn the car down a road which once was a runway. The hangars ahead might have withstood bombardment. One covers a gaping hole embarrassingly with a shredded tarpaulin. A fence reaches across the runway, in a hut a durwan puts down a bidi and saunters out to tell me this is a forbidden area. I express regret — only wanted to see the airplanes. Then you want to see the officer in charge. I get the point, sign a book and enter the area looking for the officer in charge.

Soon I'm among the airplanes—faded monsters standing on flat rubber tires. But ahead in a hangar there appears to be activity — and an airplane named "Leakin' Lizzie" in good enough shape to take to the air.

Three people pass by in a jeep. "Want anything, Pal?" one calls in an unmistakable drawl. "You the officer in charge?" "No, we're knocking the birds into shape. Come along inside and take a look."

I'm inside a room, once probably a barrack, now divided into odd compartments and littered with odds and ends which puts me in mind of a Hollywood boom town. I'm offered water from one of three refrigerators. A rickety fan whirrs overhead. I'm talking over a deal-wood table to a Mr. Wood of Miami, Florida, and "Yeh, that's right," he assures me, "they're all good for another several years."

It seems the planes — once some 500 American planes were sold to the Indian Government for a dollar each at the end of World War II. The purely war planes were put under hammers, Dakotas were



WAR-WEARY P-38 of the 23rd Fighter Group awaits destruction at Panagar in November of 1945. Most fighters and bombers of CBI were junked here. U.S. Army photo.

disposed of to Indian airlines and the rest sold to a Calcutta businessman for "quite a lot of money."

Came successive monsoons, blistering summers and contracting cold weathers. The planes settled on their mammoth tires, a rash of decay attacked their metal superstructure. A storm of unusual intensity flung them one upon the other and crashed them against the hangars. But miraculously they survived.

Suddenly foreign interest, ironically American, was aroused in these abandoned aircraft — the Hump-Flying Curtiss Commando (C-46). Foreign airlines found them ideal passenger and freight carriers, as dependable as the Dakota and with a much larger capacity. India's airlines were not interested. The planes were too large and represented too heavy an initial expenditure.

So out to this forgotten American air base, where miles of still excellent runways can today accommodate the largest commercial airliners and American powerplant still lights the perimeter wire at night and keeps the old fans whirring, have come American mechanics and pilots like Mr. Wood. On behalf of foreign airlines they select their planes, recondition them and fly them to their destinations. "Takes about three weeks a plane," says Mr. Wood, "provided its instruments and engines haven't been tampered with."

Strangely enough, most of the planes are not only complete but in a remarkably good state of preservation. A locally trained crew of mechanics — I recognize a one-time laborer from the New Market among them — work around the clock to get the planes in the air ahead of schedule.

The owner of the planes makes a sizeable profit, and it can be safely assumed that they change hands for a still further profit at destination.

Good work for one dollar aircraft. And a compliment to men like globe-trotting Mr. Wood who can take a wreck, be it in Manila, Tokyo, Africa or India, and make it tick.

— THE END

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THERE WILL BE no corrections on Roundup's mailing list from October 1 to Nov. 21, 1955, while we are on the "Pilgrimage to India." Should it become necessary for you to change address during the period, you may miss receiving one issue on time, but it will be dispatched to you after our return.—Ed.

Adopted Village in India

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

By John Keasler

SALVADOR RAIJA cuts hair for a living and has for 45 years, and his chair is in a shop on Ninth Street in St. Louis, Mo. To most of his customers, he's just another friendly, talkative barber. But to the village of Bhaju, India, he's a lifesaver. Literally.

A barber shop probably isn't the most likely spot in the world to get filled in on world affairs, not at first glance. But, then, Raia isn't the most likely barber in the world, either.

He's a right unusual barber. He adopted this village in India.

He's not a rich man. Far from it. By our standards he is not a rich man. By standards in Bhaju, however, he represents immense wealth. By any standards, he represents generosity. He gives away a lot of rupees, to his village, which he has never seen.

He earns money in a barber shop and as a result, hard-scrabbling farmers in this place called Bhaju can actually buy bullocks, wealth indeed. The whole village this year will have the unheard of luxury of medical care for the sick because Raia feels responsible for people.

Raia's formal education was limited, but he's a well-read man, a philosopher, a thinker. His informal education isn't limited at all. He came to this country from Palermo, Sicily, when he was 14 and already a practicing barber—who was also skilled in pulling teeth, which went with the barber trade as he had learned it.

He is 59 years old now, born on Lincoln's birthday. He said we had to put that in about Lincoln's birthday because he's proud of it. He is a bachelor.

Since 1952, he's contributed nearly \$2,000 to helping out poor people in India, and he's made a lot of friends for us all. His reason for doing it is he doesn't want people to starve. He chose India because the need seemed to him to be the greatest there.

Through CARE, Raia got his village. Maybe there have been bigger donations than Raia's but it's hard to imagine any

being more appreciated. Part of his last year's gift of \$550 went for use of a bulldozer. In return, he got a snapshot of a wheat stand ready for harvest—where before there had been only a jungle.

A letter from CARE in India said: "The families who get their livelihood from these fields are so much better off than they were a year ago that every family can purchase a bullock, which represents a good deal to an Indian villager because it is the main source of power."

The letter and the snapshot, Raia feels, is an excellent return on his investment.

Raia has gotten to where he thinks in rupees. The other day he splurged on a \$1.75 lunch.

"I worried all afternoon," he said. "That much money could have fed a whole family over there for days and days."

Raia is supplied with facts about the village from CARE, and the facts are depressing—the needs are great and many; these Indian farmers have an average income of less than \$100 a year, usurers and gouging landlords exploit them and in many cases, diet is too often substandard.

In trying to figure out just what to earmark his donation for, Raia is faced with a disturbingly wide choice. What he likes is the kind of gift which will most help people to help themselves, which is why he chose the "Freedom Village" program in the first place.

He checked down a long list of urgent needs before he decided on his latest gift.

This year, Raia learned "his" village's medical needs could be taken care of fully, all year long, for \$600. He donated \$600.

"What good is \$600 to me?" he asked. "What could I buy that would give me more pleasure than this?"

And he went back to work. Standing there at his chair, he can think about bullock-drawn plows turning earth, and wheat ripening, and sick folks being taken care of. Plenty of pundits expound on international good will, but you get the idea Raia really knows what it means.

—THE END.

Lived in Assam

● I am a nurse and was a member of the 73rd Evacuation Hospital stationed at Margherita and Shingbwiyang. I have only recently become acquainted with Ex-CBI Roundup and it has been a delight to read the copies which a friend kindly brought to me. I married a tea planter and went back to India to live for five years after my discharge from the Army. During this time I saw the last of American troops leave The Ledo Road and Ledo area. I was presented with the American flag, the last one to fly The Ledo Road and the 20th General Hospital, which was also located at Margherita.

CHARLOTTE FLETCHER,
Westport, N. Y.

1304th Engineers

● How about sometime in the future publishing an article on the 1304th Engineer Construction Bn.? We served in CBI from Aug. 6, 1944, to the closing of the Theatre. We built many bridges and sections of the Ledo Road.

ABRAHAM KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.



CHINESE CIVILIANS ride on every available space on the last train to leave Liuchow station before the advancing Japanese. U.S. Army photo, July 2, 1944.

7th Bomb Reunion

● Have just returned from the 7th Bomb Group Reunion at Zion National Park. Present were Ralph Brookins, Charles Dana, Berkeley Black, James J. Chapman, Ranian R. Row, Virgil L. Drommond, Floyd C. Sorg, Dean A. Doak, Dick Mulvihill, Charles E. Hagan, O. D. Hill, R. P. Hage, Norwood Forest, Don P. Jamison, Westley A. Cox, Neil C. Greninger, Francis Beck-

ett, Raymond B. Swartz, with most of the men accompanied by their wives and families. The children had a ball with all their new friends, the wives gabbed up a storm, but the continuous buzz came from the men, with all the stories getting a thorough polishing, from monsoons to basha, to heat, smell, food and palm juice. In between bull sessions we did get the gang organized at last. Berkeley Black is President, Neil Greninger Vice-President, Doris Greninger, Treasurer, Ranian Row, Chairman. Time and place for next Reunion has been set for the Black Hills in June, 1958. A reasonable amount for dues was set to take care of expenses.

MAX HILLSMAN,
Torrance, Calif.

Bon Voyage!!

● By the time you get this you'll be practically ready to board the plane for your tour around the world. You hit it on the head when you called it a "dream tour," for that's all it'll ever be to me. I join with the many Roundup subscribers in wishing you a wonderful trip.

EDWARD W. HERTZ,
Phoenix, Ariz.



MEMBERS OF THE 209th Combat Engineers who attended the 1955 CBI Reunion at St. Louis are (l. to r.) Hycle L. Noland, Independence, Mo.; Burl Ratliff, Middletown, Ohio; Benny Litterio, Chicago; Frank Desantis, Brooklyn; Dan Slater, St. Paul. Six other 209th men who attended were not included in the picture.

Railway South of The Clouds

by
The Old Gray Major

July 30, 1941

1. You are being ordered to duty in China for the following purposes:

a. To insure proper use of railway materials and equipment being supplied the Chinese Government by the United States for the Yunnan-Burma Railway.

b. To act in the capacity of consulting engineer to the Chinese Railway authorities, and especially to assist them in expediting construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway.

c. To assist the Chinese in their relations with the Burmese Government and railway authorities in order to expedite construction of the extension of the Burma Railways from Lashio to the Chinese border, and to insure prompt delivery of materials to China.

2. Additional instructions will be given you from time to time.

3. Before your departure you will confer with the Assistant Chief of Staff G-2, War Department, and with Brigadier General John Magruder, for such additional instructions as they may give you.

By order of the Chief of Engineers.

AT RANGOON I met the man with whom I was to work, Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, Director General on construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway, a graduate mining engineer from our University of Pittsburgh. He had been Vice-Minister of Communications in Chiang-Kai-shek's cabinet, but the completion of this railroad was more important to free China than all the other communications together.

Austin Brady, the American Consul at Rangoon advised that I make a courtesy call on Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the Governor-General of Burma. The proper procedure was for me to drive up to the palace grounds gate, sign the register there and leave 3 of my cards, one for the governor, one for his wife, and one for His Excellency's assistants. I didn't know what the governor's wife had to do with building the railroad, but I left 3 cards anyway.

The next morning Mr. Brady said I could see the governor that day. "You had better go in my car. They know the car and the sentries won't even slow you down in that."

They Tried to Build A Railroad to Burma Before The Japs Came



TRUCK ON THE old Burma Road, carrying gasoline drums to the railroad under construction. All photos by George Rodger, for LIFE Magazine, 1941-42.

I moved quickly through four or five rooms where each of the English secretaries apologized more or less for "being here where it's safe, when the people at home were having to take it, don't you know, but then we have little choice in the diplomatic service."

If they only knew what was going to happen in Burma!

The Governor-General welcomed me heartily to Burma and arranged for me to see Sir John Rowland, Director of Construction on the 108 miles of track that was to connect the existing Burma Railway terminal at Lashio with the Yunnan-Burma Railway at the Chinese border.

After my meeting with Sir John on September 11 I wrote the War Department:

Subject: Sir John Rowland.

Sir John is 59, was Commissioner of Railways in Burma, retired, then called back for this assignment.

Doesn't like Chinese in general, and in particular doesn't like Tseng Yang-fu.

Has ordered rail joints from India. The plant there replied that they were considering the matter. He wrote back that he wanted the joints made, not considered. It isn't only the Chinese that aggravate him.

He expects to borrow all tools and supplies that he can get from no other source from the Chinese. He knows they can't make any use of their line until his is completed also. He plans to complete his section in 24 months.

His plans are in good shape; the man knows railways and construction, but is hot-tempered, and it is better to keep him and the Chinese separated, which I plan to do. Also I plan to leave him alone for some weeks myself, until he gets his organization going. He is a driver and wants to work with all possible speed, and doesn't want to be bothered.

Arriving in China in late August, 1941 it took only a few weeks to talk to everyone that had any bearing on the job. It seemed to me that Dr. Tseng Yang-fu would, with the quarter of a million men he planned to work, complete his 335 mile line in the 15 months allotted us. While it was 500 miles from the border to Kunming, the proposed railroad from Kunming to Siangyun was to be 45 miles longer than the Burma Road between those points, while the part from Siangyun to the Burma border (335 miles) was to be 90 miles shorter than the Burma Road, and so only this part was to be done for the present.

Sir John planned to build the 55 miles from Lashio to the Salween gorge and the 20 miles in the gorge up to and including the bridge in 15 months, but as he felt sure the Chinese could never complete their part in 15 months, he planned to leave the 35 miles north of the bridge to do from the 15th to the 24th month. And this 35 miles was one-third of his railroad, and in one of the worst malaria spots on earth. We were going to have an "almost completed" railway in 15 months.

My orders didn't permit me to tell Sir John how to build his railroad, but as "the details of accomplishing your mission are left to you," and "you will assist the Chinese in their relations with the Burmese Government and railway authorities," I could write my recommendations to Dr. Tseng Yang-fu and send a copy to Sir John, which I did. I knew he would explode. But there was no help for it. The whole railroad just had to be done on time.

Before Sir John and I could get together I had a wire from General Magruder, that he and the rest of the mission had arrived from the States, and I was to report to him at Chungking on the next plane. He thought my story of the rail-

road to date would be of interest to our ambassador, Mr. Clarence Gauss, and to the British ambassador, Sir Archibald Kerr-Clark-Kerr (pronounced "Kar-Clark-Kar"). The general and both ambassadors liked the plan, and Sir Archibald said he would wire the Governor-General of Burma advising the British to accept the idea of letting the Salween river be the dividing line of construction.

Not many hours after my return to Lashio I wrote of the events that had just taken place.

Lashio, Burma, October 16, 1941

Subject: Report of Conference with Sir John Rowland:

To: Brigadier General John Magruder

While the events are fresh in my mind, will note the conversation between Sir John and me, which opened stormily, but closed in harmony.

Sir John had expressed a desire to meet Mr. H. P. Chang, who had the 100 mile district in China adjoining his. I asked Mr. Chang to call on him, and make an appointment for me to see him. He did so, and when he returned said that Sir John was boiling over; that when he had asked, 'Sir John, how many parties do you propose to work?' the reply was, 'Your railroad is your railroad and my railroad is my railroad, and if I don't ask you how many parties you have, it's none of your business how many I have.' A nice reply to the man he had asked to meet.

As for me, he wanted to see me at 5 P.M.—and alone. I was there.

Sir John didn't offer to shake hands, but stormed by me in the hallway, and I followed him into his office and sat down without invitation. He glared at me and said he didn't like the letter I had written him about how he should construct his railroad. I said I hadn't written him; only sent him a copy of one I had written Tseng Yang-fu.



HINDU LABORERS building Burma-China Railway just north of Lashio. They walked on sharp rock ballast—barefooted.



UNDER SUPERVISION of Dr. Victor Haas of the U.S. Public Health Service, Burmese workers spray mosquito larvae near a small village in Burma.

He replied, 'As far as Burma is concerned you are just a watch-dog for Lend-lease and I wish you would restrict your activities to that.'

I pretended not to hear.

Then he said, 'You have everything in your letter to Tseng Yang-fu all wrong.'

'Then why don't you write me a letter that will put me right?'

His reply, 'I most assuredly will not, because my railroad is none of your damn business.'

Again I put on my best poker face. Finally he said, 'Have you ever been in the Far East before?'

'No.'

'Do you know the people here; their customs; their habits?'

'No.'

'Have you ever done any mountain engineering or construction?'

'Yes.'

'Which mountains?'

'The Rocky mountains.'

'Where?'

'In the State of Wyoming.'

'How long?'

'That's none of YOUR business.'

A slight pause here while Sir John rearranges his thoughts.

'How much track have the Chinese laid at the north end of their line?'

'None.'

'They tell me they have laid 40 miles.'

'I don't think they have.'

'How can you say that the Chinese can construct 500 miles of subgrade in 7 months?'

'They don't have to.'

'It's 500 miles from the border to Kunming.'

'The railroad doesn't go to Kunming.'

'The Chinese distinctly told me that they have laid 40 miles of track from Kunming west.'

'They have; but that's not in the territory under this lend-lease program.'

'Ohhhh,' said Sir John, 'Now I'm beginning to get a little light.'

Sir John and the Chinese have had many meetings, but in none have they acquainted him with the fact that the railroad, for the present, ends in about 300 miles, not 500. And again, possibly they did, but he may have been too angry to get it. Anyway, what I wrote about the uselessness of his having meetings with the Chinese can stand for awhile.

So I went into details with Sir John as to how we proposed to build 335 miles, divided into 3 districts, and with up to 80,000 men on each, we would finish ahead of time.

As long as I had him on the run anyway, I thought I might as well settle the thing for good, and, having my whole file along, took from it my report on Sir John Rowland and read it aloud to him.

When I got to the part, 'Does not like the Chinese in general, and Tseng Yang-fu in particular,' he interrupted to say, 'Is that nice; to quote me to your headquarters that way?' But when I got to the part, 'He knows railway construction, is hot-tempered, is a driver and wants to work with all possible speed, and doesn't want to be bothered,' he smiled all over and said, 'You hit it about right.'

From then on the conference was for the good of the railroad, Burma and China, and he told me of all the trouble he was having, and how I could help him, which I promised to do. He followed me out to my car, with a 'Cheerio until next Wednesday.'

I thought you might like to know that Old Glory is still at the top of the mast at Lashio.



CONSTRUCTION CREW inspect new trackage on Burma-China Railway just north of Lashio, Burma.

This "Report of Conference with Sir John Rowland" would, I was sure, be read with interest at Chungking, and a few days later General Magruder's reply came in the mail. "I was much amused at your taming of the Australian Lion. Keep the flag flying, but don't hope to modify British character and traditional colonial practices."

My thought on that was, "only to the extent of getting the railroad done on time."

BUT THE NEXT day a wire from General Magruder ordered me to come to Chungking again on the next plane. When I got there he said the British ambassador wanted to see me. Sir Archibald had read my "Report of Conference" and was afraid that Sir John had hurt my feelings, and being a true diplomat he was going to smooth any ruffled feathers I may have suffered. I assured him that I had had the situation in hand all the time, and it was only Sir John who was upset. I also assured him that Sir John and I were now good friends, and that, while it would take a little time, the Salween River was the natural dividing line between the British and Chinese construction forces, and he would come to it with no further prodding.

I didn't blame Sir John for being upset. He had had a long and distinguished career. As Commissioner of Railways for Burma he was used to giving orders, not taking suggestions from men 15 years younger, and Americans at that.

But three months later, on January 19, 1942, Sir John wrote the Governor-General of Burma, in part, "I have to admit that the construction is not progressing as rapidly at the moment as it should; in fact, it is going at a little more than half speed. The Chinese Government should be asked to supply immediately as many survey parties as can be made available to work between the Salween River and the Chinese border; then as many laborers as can be supplied, equipped and rationed by the Chinese. The actual proposal is that the Yunnan-Burma Railway undertake the work on behalf of the Burma-China Railways who will pay for all the work done."

When General Stilwell stopped off at the Lashio airport on March 3, 1942, enroute to Chungking, I was introduced to him, to General Hearn and others of the staff, and the "American Military Mission to China" became "American Forces in China, Burma and India," or C.B.I.

"Stilwell's Mission to China" the official history of the war, speaking of Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, Sir John Rowland and I



COOLIES CARRYING the rail line out of the mountain-side just north of the Burma border on the Namting river.

stated, "Though their responsibilities cut across international lines, the triumvirate cooperated in wholehearted fashion."

And when Sir John said, "Young man, you are a tower of strength to me," I knew I was more than a watch-dog for lend-lease.

Dr. Tseng Yang-fu found no trouble in pronouncing General Stilwell's name. Rowland was always "Sir John" to him. Sir Reginald was difficult for him to pronounce, and so he called the Governor-General of Burma "Dorman-Smitt." "Sir Archibald" also was difficult, and "Kerr-Clark-Kerr" even more so, but he solved that, with no disrespect intended, by calling the British Ambassador to Chungking "Sir Cur."

Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, Sir John and I kept plugging along with the construction, there having been no word to stop it, and hoping for a turn for the better in a military situation that was getting worse for us each day.

But by the end of May all of Burma was lost and the construction of both the Chinese and British sections of the railway had to be stopped.

THE BRITISH forces went to India; we went to China. At Chungking I said to Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, "It looks to me as if railway construction is done in the far east for some time to come. I'd like to go back to Washington and get another railway assignment and begin telling the

Railway South of the Clouds

story of the Yunnan-Burma Railway. After all, you haven't done too bad. With over 150,000 laborers you have, in a few months, moved 24 million cubic yards of dirt and rock, all by hand, or about a third as much as was done on the Panama Canal in many years with the biggest machinery of that time. Your first hundred miles north of the Burma border, the most malarious section, is 95% done. We wouldn't have had any trouble completing the healthier areas. 150 tons of rice a day have had to be hauled from 150 to 200 miles to feed laborers. 500 Chevie trucks did the hauling. 11,000 pack animals were used to take the food and supplies from the truck roads down to where the men were working. 7,000 tons of cement were brought up from Burma for cementing the bridge piers. 700 tons of dynamite were brought over from the States for shooting the rock in the tunnels. Countless thousands of tons of black powder were made by the Chinese workmen out of charcoal and the minerals that they took out of the hills along the railways for shooting the rock in the cuts. Quite a project the Commanding General of the Military Railway Service arranged for me to help you with."

Then I went to see General Magruder who said, "The only man in the world who can send you back to Washington is Stilwell. I'll order you to India. You can talk to him when he comes out of Burma. Maybe he'll send you the rest of the way."

The next morning I got a plane at Chungking along with 17 of Doolittle's flyers who had just bombed Tokyo for the first time, and with them as fellow passengers flew on down to Kunming, over The Hump, down to Calcutta, then to New Delhi, where I waited a week for General Stilwell. Two days after he reached town I was admitted to his office. "General, some of your officers want me to stay here and help build airports. I don't know anything about building airports. If I have to stay here and learn to



RICE FOR railway workers. 11,000 pack animals carried two 60-lb. sacks of rice from the truck roads down to where the men were working.

do that, some other officer somewhere else in the world will be learning to build railroads. I'd like to go back to Washington and get another railway assignment."

"Well," said General Stilwell, "that sounds reasonable. But I'm not going to take this laying down. I'm going to retake Burma."

"I know you are, General, but not during this rainy season."

"No. But when I do, you're coming back here."

The next morning I got on a plane at New Delhi, and with General Stilwell's personal report to the Secretary of War on the Battle of Burma tucked in my shirt day and night, flew to Karachi, Cairo, up the Nile to Khartoum, across Central Africa, the South Atlantic to Brazil, and was back in Washington the middle of June, 1942, just ten months after I had left.

Dr. Tseng Yang-fu was made Minister of Communications at Chungking. Sir Archibald Kerr-Clark-Kerr was made Lord Inverchapel and sent to Moscow as the British ambassador there. Sir John Rowland and Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith were at the governor general's camp at Simla, India, awaiting the retaking of Burma. Major Wilson, who also went to China in August, 1941, to help the Chinese operate the 10,000 trucks on the Burma Road had been killed by a Jap bomb at Mandalay in May.

Big things were shaping up in the far east, in which thousands of Americans would take part. I should never have gone back. It was more fun in September, 1941, when Wilson and I were the whole C. B. I.

—THE END

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BOOK REVIEWS



BLOOD ALLEY. By Albert A. Fleischman. 160 pages. Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut, 1955. 25c.

A paper-back novel about an American ship captain and adventurer on the Chinese coast who helps a whole Chinese village and a beautiful British girl escape from the Communists.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST. By Sir John Hunt. 320 pages. Grosset and Dunlap, New York, 1955. \$2.95.

A new and popular edition of the book which originally sold for \$5. Story of the preparations, journey, and climbing of Mount Everest for the first time.

QUEST OF THE SNOW LEOPARD. By Roy Chapman Andrews. 190 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1955. \$2.75.

The noted explorer aimed this book at high school age, but it will probably interest some old China hands, who are older. It is a fictionalized account of an expedition he made in southwest China in 1916-17.

VILLAGE INDIA. Edited by Marriott McKim. 288 pages. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1955. \$4.50.

Descriptions and social studies of eight Indian villages by a group of social anthropologists. Also published as Memoir No. 83 of the American Anthropological Association.

AT THE FEET OF MAHATMA GANDHI. By Rajendra Prasad. 357 pages. W. S. Heinman, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

A disciple of the great Indian saint sets down his memories of the Mahatma, which go back to 1916. It probably adds new facts about Gandhi's life.

SOUTHEAST ASIA BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By Tibor Mende. 346 pages. Library Publishers, New York, 1955. \$3.95.

New countries of Southeast Asia, their resources, problems, and how they are trying to solve them, by a former economic editor of the European edition of the New York Herald-Tribune.

THE WONDER THAT WAS INDIA. By Arthur L. Basham. 589 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1955. \$9.

A survey of the culture of the Indian sub-continent before the coming of the Muslims. The book reveals the life and thought of ancient India.

HIROSHIMA DIARY. By Michiyo Hachiya. 238 pages. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, 1955. \$3.50.

Remarkable journal kept by a Japanese doctor in Hiroshima for nearly two months after the atom bomb exploded. A tale of horror, compassion, courage, and even humor. Probably the best book to be noted here this year.

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. By Ralph Izzard. 250 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1955. \$4.

The story of the quest for the strange, human-beast creature which has been reported to dwell in the high Himalayas. An expedition sets out to learn the truth about this legendary monster.

NINE MAN-EATERS AND ONE ROGUE. By Kenneth S. Anderson. 251 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

A wild animal hunter's accounts of battles with his quarry—tigers, leopards, panthers, and a rogue elephant—in the jungles of southern India. Eighteen photographs and five maps.

SALAMANDERS AND OTHER WONDERS. By Willy Ley. 293 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1955. \$3.95.

The adventures of a romantic naturalist, brought to your notice because he adds to the literature of the Abominable Snowman in his book. Otherwise, he deals with the obscure in Mexico, Austria, Madagascar, et cetera.

THE LESSON OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE. By Jiro Harada. 192 pages. Charles T. Branford Company, Boston, 1955. \$6.50.

This is a revised edition of a book on Japanese architecture first published in 1936, and now brought up to date with added drawings, diagrams, and other illustrations.

TOKYO NEWS DIRECTORY OF FOREIGN FIRMS. No editorship credited. 619 pages. P. D. and Ione Perkins, South Pasadena, California, 1955. \$6.25.

A 1955 alphabetized directory of foreign firms in Japan's major cities and outlying districts. The companies are cross-referenced in business and commodity categories.

MINORITY PROBLEMS IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Richard Adloff and Virginia Thompson. 303 pages. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1955. \$4.

A survey of Chinese and Indian minorities in countries of Southeast Asia, describing more briefly the problems of some other minorities, such as the Eurasians.

Skilled Capt. Porter

● While reading the article "Over The Hump—to Gurkhas" (Aug.) I came across the mention of Capt. Porter of Air & Rescue. I remember the last time I flew with him, we had crossed The Hump from Jorhat to Yangkai two weeks previous. On this flight a Capt. Arnold piloted our gasoline-laden C-87. We ran into some peculiar air currents which looped our C-87 twice and sent it into a tail spin. Capt. Arnold gained control of our ship at tree top level. The plane acted up for the remainder of the trip into China. We prepared to bail out but later decided to stay with the plane. Inspection showed the tail section of the plane was crushed. I stayed in China to help with the repairs. When the plane was ready for the return trip, Capt. Porter with his Chinese cap, and in shirt sleeves, was at the controls. My nerves were shot and I wasn't sure the plane's structure was sound. We gained altitude over Yangkai and I thought it time for us to head for The Hump when Capt. Porter



STREET SCENE in Shillong, where every merchant and shoe shine boy welcomed the American GI. Photo by Clayton Orsted.

swung around and nosed the C-87 into a steep dive, a buzz for the boys on the field. I expected the wings to fall off on the pull-out, but everything went fine all the way back to India. Capt. Porter was a skillful pilot. Capt. Arnold headed for The Hump a few weeks later with a photographer aboard. He never came back. Speculation was he flew too close to the peaks.

ALLEN E. KENNEDY,
Coeburn, Va.

Houston Basha Meets

● Friday evening, August 19th, our Houston Basha met at the home of Bob Nesmith, newly elected National Commander, and his charming wife, Mildred. Countless hot dogs and a keg of brew was consumed by members and their wives. Each person brought a wrapped trinket from home which was placed in a "Wishing Well." Then, for the modest sum of 50c, you could pull the well rope and take your prize right out of the bucket. A. M. Lancaster, a new member, wore for the rest of the evening an exotic pair of earrings he drew. Anyway, receipts from the Well totaled nearly \$50, and everyone got to take home someone else's White Elephant. Kodachrome slides and movies of the St. Louis Reunion with comments by projectionist and host, Bob Nesmith, provided the laughs. Several became enthusiastic about the costumes shown in the movies of Puja Night, and now it looks like our next Christmas party will be a Costume Puja. The Mock Wedding, starring newlyweds Lee and Ardis Bakker was filmed sharp and clear and was amusing to watch.

MANLY KEITH,
Houston, Texas



HOWITZER attached to truck overturns on a sharp curve on the Ledo Road, 24 miles from Bhamo. U.S. Army photo.

Have They Died In Vain?

By The Rt. Rev. Monsignor W. F. Mullally
Former CBI Theatre Chaplain

From a Speech Given at the 1955 CBI Reunion
Memorial Services

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, the world has numbered the martyr among its greatest heroes. Judaism had its Machabees and Christianity, with Christ as its prototype of all martyrs down through the centuries, has given us a long line of men and women who have spent their lives either for a cause, or that their fellow men may live. And these have always been the world's greatest heroes. The idea has been epitomized in the words of the Master: "Greater love than this no man hath than he lay down his life for his fellow man." So we meet this morning to do what millions before us have done: to pay tribute to our heroic dead, specifically to those heroes who paid their all in the China-Burma-India Theatre.

It fell to my duty to lay to rest the mortal remains of many of these heroes; sometimes in the formal cemeteries of Karachi, Delhi, or Calcutta; sometimes in the wilds of Burma, with the Himalayas as their headstone and the steaming jungles keeping watch. Some of them were the victims of enemy action; some of them victims of accident or disease; all of them heroes for they all gave their lives so that others may live.

Personally, I considered every man and woman who served in that theatre a hero. Thousands of miles from home, half way around the world; customs and language so different; living conditions often most trying, food and shelter often scarce; climate frequently unbearable. Yes, most of them were heroes. But, this morning we are concerned with and are paying tribute to those who died in that far off land.

The speaker at the Gettysburg dedication gave to us a panegyric that has never been, and probably never will be equalled. May I quote a few of Abraham Lincoln's profound words, because I feel they are most appropriate on this occasion. He said: "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

At no time, since those immortal words were

spoken, have they a deeper meaning than they have now. For the past many years, this kind of government, of which Lincoln speaks, has disappeared from many parts of the earth, and is dangerously threatened in our own fair land. Wars and rumors of wars have caused us to create and maintain a fighting force the equal of which our past history has not known. And fighting machines, of their nature, destroy democratic patterns. These honored dead to whom, this morning we faintly would pay tribute—will have died in vain and we will be disloyal to them if we, because of a satisfied complacency, do nothing about what does go on around us.

You, who are listening to me this morning, are from communities far flung across the face of our great Republic. Because we are ex-service people we enjoy, in our communities, a certain amount of prestige. Let us use it. I am not speaking to you about conferences at Geneva, or International treaties, or world-wide trade agreements. I'm speaking to you about such basic things as your own personal faith. "If God does not watch the city in vain they work who guard it." I'm speaking to you of such fundamental things as communism in your community, as labor management relations, as abuse of labor power and oppressive trade groups, as corruption in your communities, as malfeasance in public office, as oppression of minorities. And, if you are not taking interest in these things in your community, then you are disloyal to the dead, whom we would honor.

Peace is the fruit of justice. And if these men and women shall not have died in vain, then there must be justice, and we must return to democratic patterns. And this, ladies and gentlemen, must start at the community level. It may take a long time to reach the top, but when it does reach the top it will have a firm foundation, if you assume your responsibilities.

There was a man from my parish. He was an engineer. He left his home—a very comfortable home. He left his wife and family. He didn't get a purple heart, but he died over there in CBI. There was a pilot in Karachi. He was testing a P-47. He didn't get a purple heart. We buried him in the little cemetery on the outskirts of Karachi. Then there was a corporal whose C-46 was attacked by Zeros. He bailed out. Three weeks later his remains were found in the Burma jungles, and we buried him in Ledo. He was obviously machine-gunned on the way down. Then, O'Connor with the Chinese troops, and the nurse who was killed on the airstrip at Myitkyina. There were 1314 who died on The Hump, and the many who died in China. These, and to the thousands of others who did not come back, we owe a serious obligation.

So we return to our respective communities, "dedicated to the great task remaining before us." And, for all of us, may I say to our heroic dead: "This morning, sincerely and deeply grateful, we salute you, our heroic companions in arms. And may the good Lord give to each of us, the strength and courage, so to act in our respective communities that you shall not have died in vain."

—THE END

TERRORISM

In Red CHINA

*From China News Analysis**

August 19, 1955

TERRORISM IS not a current term in communist terminology, but the phrases, suppression of counterrevolutionaries, mass accusation meetings, corrective labor camp, extreme (capital) punishment are in daily use. There is no more universally accepted conviction in the communist mind than that the opponents of the regime must be corrected, and if they cannot be corrected, then they must be eliminated or exterminated. This correction and extermination may be violent and brutal. Nevertheless, it is very different from the methods of the terror in the French Revolution and similar violent political repressions. This is a long-premeditated, carefully launched, and even in its excesses centrally controlled, manhunt.

This is a rather unpleasant subject to deal with and we should prefer to describe some less gloomy aspect of life in China. But being the reporter of events as reflected in the mainland's Chinese press, we cannot close our eyes to the overwhelming number of speeches, reports, and descriptions of what is called the renewal of the 1951 campaign against counter-revolutionaries.

The essential difference between 1951 and 1955, as many texts reveal, is that in 1951 those were exterminated — their number was millions — who more or less openly stood in opposition to the regime. Now, however, we are told that the task of the campaign is to dig out and expose those who on the surface are respectable communist or pro-communist citizens, and yet by their secret deeds reveal the insincerity of their words.

**China News Analysis is a weekly newsletter published by a group of Western men at Hong Kong. The paper is made up of comments and articles on what is going on inside Red China. These men evaluate news published in Communist China's daily newspapers and present in China News Analysis their interpretations of what is actually happening. Roundup is a new subscriber to CNA and highly recommends it to anyone who is interested in knowing what goes on behind the Bamboo Curtain. Individual subscriptions are \$10.00 for six months. Write China News Analysis, 216, Prince Edward Rd., Kowloon, Hong Kong.*

This is true chiefly of the urban population. In the country among the farming population the situation is different. Since the beginning of the regime (1949) there has been no mention until now of the existence of open, organized resistance among the farmers; but now this is reported, and reported in staggering detail, in the Press.

Sabotage and Revolt

From Chinese People's Daily (Peking): "Since the liberation our country has executed a large scale suppression of counter-revolutionaries, purged a great number of openly revolting counter-revolutionary elements, and liquidated hidden counter-revolutionary elements in factories, mines, and other enterprises, in government offices, schools, the armed forces, and generally in urban and rural society. But there are still a great number of open counter-revolutionaries while the liquidation of hidden counter-revolutionaries is very far from being concluded."

Statement by Lo Jui-ching, Head of the First Cabinet Bureau and simultaneously the Minister for Public Security: "The 1951 suppression of counter-revolutionaries campaign had great results. But we must consider that the movement was aimed mostly against open counter-revolutionaries, not many of the hidden counter-revolutionaries were detected and suppressed. Today the enemy's principal form of action is a hidden one."

The renewal of the dreadful events of 1951 is not unexpected. It was forecast one and a half-year ago at the February 1954 Plenary Session of the Party's Central Committee by the fierce attack, launched by Liu Shao-ch'i against hidden enemies inside the party. It was further foreshadowed at the March 21-31, 1955, meeting of the communist party's National Conference at which two leaders, Kao Kang, former governor of Manchuria, and Jao Shu-shih, the former head of East China were drastically purged.

The Open Revolt

July 1955 made history in Chinese Communist news releases. Before that date the press gave only sporadic examples of industrial sabotage, resistance to agricul-

tural collectivization, and stories of individual groups of spies, or alleged spies. Last month, however, following a definite change in government policy, reports delivered at the Second Session of the People's Congress, and other articles, revealed the existence in a number of provinces of organized resistance in industry, attacks against communication lines, group violence by farmers, and also the presence of armed bandits.

A Congress Report: "The western part of Kwangtung province is said to be infested with political agents coming from Formosa, Hong Kong, and Macao, who combine with local anti-revolutionaries, commit murder and arson, they have destroyed three bridges, caused an explosion in a factory, and encouraged sabotage in the collective farms."

We have previously mentioned the Minister for Public Security describing the underground activities of Catholic peasants in two areas of Hopei province. From May 1953 until March 1954, he said, well over a hundred underground tunnels, and chambers (some of them holding a hundred persons) and many houses with

secret double walls were discovered in these areas.

These notes and remarks expose events of high importance hitherto unrevealed. It is unprecedented for the government to allow the revelation of active though small-scale armed resistance in a great number of regions. This revelation was permitted for the purpose of promoting the ruthless extermination of all the "enemies of the people" in the campaign now beginning. They are nevertheless decisive evidence of a fact which we have often mentioned, the cleavage between the Party and the villages.

The masses of the population, and especially the rural population, suffering from want and even from famine turn naturally to desperate measures. They also cling more than ever before, disappointed as they are by the promises of "Paradise on Earth," to their religious beliefs. The religious beliefs may be mixed with strange practices, but they reflect, nevertheless, a deep trend in human heart which communism in spite of all its efforts, cannot exterminate.

— THE END

Naga Trouble

From the Calcutta Statesman

THERE HAS been a large haul of arms by the Assam Rifles in encounters with Naga Hillsmen in the Tuensang division. They include muzzleloaders and up-to-date weapons of U. S., Japanese and British make.

Three-hundred rounds of ammunition have also been recovered and about 100 weapons have been brought to Raj Bhavan, Shillong.

The Nagas are said to have "inherited" these weapons from World War II and some reported smuggled to them.

Direct engagements between men of the Assam Rifles conducting operations in the Mokokchung and Tuensang areas, the two trouble spots, and Nagas have been few, as the latter are said to have adopted hit-and-run tactics. They fire several rounds at policemen but when fire is returned they keep silent for some time and resume shooting afterwards. Another is to divert roads down steep slopes in hilly tracts so that speeding vehicles may roll to destruction.

The troubled areas are more or less contiguous and the authorities admit that the trouble will be long drawn out unless there is some political settlement.

They feel that the recent statement from Delhi that the Government of India was prepared to meet Indian nationals from tribal areas and discuss their problems, but can only be done when acts of violence are condemned and the demand for an independent tribal State is abandoned, might induce moderate elements in the Naga National Council to persuade the people to give up the fight. The most important factor ignored by the Government is that the fight is being continued by the extreme elements of the N.N.C., for whom the recent statement does not contain anything new. Zapu Phizo, the N.N.C. leader at Kohima, said no compromise short of an independent Nagaland would satisfy them.

The operation against the Naga extremists is mainly conducted by the Assam Rifles with the backing of the Indian Army. It is stated by the authorities that there have been no operations by the Indian Army as such, nor have they been undertaken jointly by Indo-Burmese troops. What has happened is that Nagas fleeing to Burma have been rounded up by Burmese troops on the border and handed over to the Indian authorities.

Seven N.N.C. workers were arrested on July 14 after a Naga hideout had been raided by the Assam Rifles. During the three months from April about 330 Nagas have been arrested but most released after swearing to good conduct.

—THE END.



Chota Peg and Small Talk

By
Syed Mohammed
Abdullah

Recipe of the Month

STUFFED FISH ROLLS

1 lb. sole
Juice of 1 lemon
7 tbsps. breadcrumbs
2 tbsps. chopped parsley
2 small onions, chopped
2 tbsps. curry powder
2 tps. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tspn. chili powder
2 eggs
Oil for frying
6 oz. milk

Remove bones, wash and sprinkle fish with salt. Mix 4 tablespoons of the milk and bread crumbs. Add a little of the lemon juice, the curry powder, onions, parsley and chili powder. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Place washed fillets on board, sprinkle with lemon juice and place about 2 tablespoons of the above mixture in the center, carefully fold in half. Sprinkle more lemon juice over fish and coat with beaten egg, sticking sides together. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in shallow oil until crisp and golden brown. Remove and drain. Serves four people. Goes wonderfully well with tomato or potato curry.

One of the most popular fallacies associated with India, is the status of its women. Unfortunately Katherine Mayo brought back the opinion that women were treated worse than animals and Hollywood with its Oriental splendor and harems, has done nothing to lessen that misconception.

The truth is that women in India, as a whole, enjoy a much higher status than in the United States and in many parts of Europe.

There is a distinct line drawn between that which is expected of a man and that which is expected of a woman. Many of my readers are apt to pick incidents where the fair sex was the laborer, bricklayer, etc., but these are more inclined to be isolated cases. They are definitely not the middle class families. In the average

middle class home the husband works in an office, comes home, has dinner and discusses politics or sports or plays cards, very much like the American male.

The woman takes care of the house, the kids, and gossips with the neighbors, very much like the American women (certain kinds, that is). In the home the woman is the absolute and ultimate authority. I do not recall any instance where the man had anything to say about the color or texture of the home furnishings, and I have never seen a woman dictate the type or color car the family should have.

The essential difference there is the complete lack of the "battle of the sexes." The woman is satisfied with being a woman, and the man is happy about the whole thing. In modern India the universities and colleges are filled with female students, who vote and work along side men, yet they are aware of the fact that they are women. Their gowns are delicate and graceful, and the business suit is unknown.

In America I have found that women expect the courtesy and gallantry due the weaker sex, yet in many instances their behavior is that of a masculine man. Here the man is the protector and provider, yet he has to do battle to retain the position of head of the household. That situation does not exist in India, which in turn has a much lower divorce rate than does the U.S. Are the women happy? I do not know. I have no reason to doubt their happiness.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR DEPT.: Although most Hindus do cremate their dead; there is a group who bury them in the river Ganges. These are called Sanyashees; they are holy men, who have reached the stage of almost perfection, and are entitled to burial in the Ganges.

Fakirs are not Hindus. They are Muslims; through common usage the term has now been applied to both Hindus as well as Muslims. The correct term for a Hindu mendicant is, Sadhu.

Hindus do not have many gods. They believe in Brahma, who is the one great, eternal, indivisible being; he is the head of the trilogy (Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva). The multiple gods are merely manifestations of the one supreme being.

"Pilgrimage to India"

Photos will first appear in the

January 1956 issue.

CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman and China News Analysis

NEW DELHI — Fresh negotiations to conclude an air transport agreement between India and the United States are likely to begin early in Sept. The present temporary permits to Trans World Airlines and Pan American World Airways to operate a limited number of services in India are due to expire on Jan. 14, 1956.

NEW DELHI—Nearly 7,600,000 ticket-less passengers were caught by the Indian railways in 1954-55. A majority of the persons caught paid the fares and the penalties, but as many as 214,000 persons had to be prosecuted.

CALCUTTA—People thruout India held rallies and meetings to celebrate the 9th year of Independence on Aug. 15th.

NEW DELHI—Queensway and Kingsway may shortly be renamed Jana Path and Raj Path. The New Delhi Municipal Committee is considering alternative Indian names for foreign names of roads, areas and streets in New Delhi.

BOMBAY—India received a fresh consignment of about 400 tons of American ghee today (Aug. 20) from the people of America for free distribution in the country.

KARACHI—The Government of Pakistan has devalued the Pakistan rupee to the level of the Indian rupee. The former value of the rupee was 31 cents. Now both the Indian and Pakistan rupee are worth 21c.

CHERRAPUNJI — Total rainfall from June 1st to August 4th was 206.6 inches, still described as below normal.

KALIMPONG — It is learned that 2,000 Chinese (Communist) troops have arrived at Yatung, 15 miles from the India-Tibet frontier and 90 miles from here. The troops are reported to be billeted in recently-completed permanent barracks and in tents pitched in the fertile Chumbi Valley. The troops will work to make motorable the old trade route from Natu Pass (14,400 ft.) on the Sikkim-Tibet border, to Pharo, through the narrow and extremely precipitous Amochu gorge, to link up with Gyantse.

DIBRUGARH — An area of about 550 square miles with a population of over 72,000 was affected in the recent floods in Dibrugarh sub-divisions. On August 17 many places in the city of Dibrugarh were still under water. Total loss in property, road and bridge damage was estimated at Rs. 750,000.

GAUHATI—Assam will soon have a Rs. 2 crore sugar mill, the largest industry in the State. The mill, which will be set up near Golaghat, will be run on a cooperative basis.

CHERRAPUNJI — In the three months ending August 31st, this community had a total rainfall of 285.4 inches!

HONG KONG — The most unpleasant aspect of medicine in present day (Red) China is the clear distinction drawn between the privileged and the non-privileged, between the Party and government workers, and the vulgar populace. Medical facilities are reserved exclusively for the first group.

CUTTACK—Nearly 300,000 people are marooned along Orissa's 170-mile coastal belt from Puri to Balasore as flood waters of the Mahanadi and its tributaries continue to swamp the area in the worst floods in a century.

PATNA — During the fortnight ended Aug. 20th, 364 persons died of Cholera in Bihar.

KARACHI—The flood situation in Sind, especially in the Sukkur and Larkana districts, has been described as "grave." On Aug. 31st a number of villages were under water. Meanwhile, reports from Rohri said the 380-year-old Jamia Masjid of Rohri, constructed by the Moghul Emperor Akbar, was washed away.

CALCUTTA—Two members of the Indian Tea Board left Calcutta Sept. 10th for London on a 2½-month goodwill tour which will include England, U.S.A., Canada, New Zealand and Australia. The mission will contact tea trade circles to promote the consumption of tea in those countries.

CALCUTTA—In protest against a new vehicle tax, hundreds of truck and bus drivers parked their vehicles in zig-zag manner in the streets of Howrah, creating the biggest traffic jam known to the world. The strike ended after 40 hours.

HYDERABAD—A snake charmer's de-fanged cobra escaped and caused much excitement before a small boy finally killed the reptile. Included in the injured was a man who, attempting to flee from the cobra, jumped in front of a moving bus.

NEW DELHI—Railway officials are trying to find a way to compel travelers to buy a ticket before riding trains.

India In Retrospect

From a Speech By

HAROLD S. CLARK, M.D.

MY FIRST remembrance of that mysterious and remote country comes from having heard my father sing an old hymn, which began: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strands." Our next recollection comes from a book, written by an Englishman, G. A. Henty, entitled "With Clive in India," which made a profound impression upon a youthful mind.

A generation, and twelve thousand miles later, we docked in the great harbor of Bombay, in the military service of the U.S. On that day we saw nearly 300 ships at anchor, flying the colors of many nations; and it was an inspiring sight.

After a short delay, during which we, in a measure, were introduced to that vast subcontinent, where we were destined to stay for more than two years, we shipped aboard a British troop transport, sailing around Ceylon, thence up the Bay of Bengal to the huge city of Calcutta. Next, a week's journey by native trains and river boat to our final destination; near the Burma border and the mighty Himalayas, where the Brahmaputra river, comparable to our Mississippi, breaks through the mountains from Tibet, to make its circuitous way to its confluence with the Ganges, several hundred miles southward.

We soon learned that India has more icy mountains than Greenland, and that its coral strands are few and small. We learned also that with an area less than half the size of our own country, she has a population three times larger. Therefore, you chance to see six people over there to one here; and in my opinion, that situation accounted for the ultimate failure of Britain to colonize India, as she did Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, where colonists had ample room to secure homesteads, rear families, and become permanent citizens. In India they had to send their children back home to be educated, and themselves looked forward toward their eventual retirement in their native country.

There is no national language; but over 200 dialects are spoken, and frequently a man can not carry on a conversation with a resident of an adjoining province. Many of them understand some English.

At least 90% of the people are entirely illiterate, and I have talked with Hindu coolies, who had never heard of Mahatma Gandhi.

As you will remember from your history, India's people are about 2/3 Hindu and 1/4 Mohammedan in their religious affiliations. The remainder of the population is composed of the stalwart Sikhs from the Punjab; the Parsees, who were originally Persians; and finally the hills' tribesmen — Gurkhas, and the diminutive Mishmi, the latter two groups of whom show definite characteristics of Mongolian descent. They seem not to have such positive religious convictions as the Hindus and Moslems; and it is among these hillsmen that Christian Missions have made the most apparent progress.

To most Indians their religion is not only a belief; but also a way of life, which they follow faithfully. A Hindu will quietly starve rather than eat beef, although they have half as many cattle as people. To the Moslem, pork is anathema; and the Sikhs will not use tobacco in any form. At an Indian military hospital which I visited, the commanding officer showed me that he had to provide three separate messes, in order to comply with the different food requirements of his personnel and patients; and at that time, if even the shadow of an untouchable fell across the food of one of higher caste, the food was discarded.

They will explain to you at length why their religions are better than yours. The Hindu is firmly convinced that his religion embodies all the better principles of other religions, and none of the lesser ones.

The Moslem believes that Allah is God and Mohammed was his prophet. The Koran is his equivalent of our Bible; and such is his devotion that he kneels 5 times each day to pray, facing Mecca, his Holy City. He has been accused of advancing his religion by fire and the sword; but can we Christians deny that we attempted the same objective during the Crusade Wars. Remember also the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition?

While I cannot subscribe to these beliefs, it must be admitted that religions

which satisfy the spiritual needs of many millions of people, must have in them something that is good.

A very interesting observation was their methods of disposal of the dead. The Hindus commonly cremate their bodies on a funeral pyre; then throw the resultant ashes into the Ganges River, or its tributaries. The Mohammedans bury their dead; but the Parsees resort to the revolting practice of leaving their dead upon out-of-door scaffolds to be devoured by buzzards.

Ethnologically the people of India belong to the white race, in spite of the fact that their skins may be quite black. Their hair is straight, their features are of Caucasian type, and many of them are handsome. They have surprising native intelligence; but also the well-known oriental inscrutability; and to paraphrase a statement made by the late Wm. J. Bryan, you can no more judge the workings of an oriental mind by the expression on his face that you can judge the silent depths of a mighty ocean by the foam that floats upon its surface.

The Indians are a friendly people; but even those of lower caste must be treated with dignity and respect. The caste system will doubtless prevail for generations to come; regardless of recent reforms. The bearer who waits upon your table will not make up your bed; nor will the one who straightens up your bed-room condescend to scrub the bath room. Every man to his own job. This may have been beneficial to them over the ages; for manpower is plentiful and cheap, and human life carries very little value.

They seldom bother to notice a dying man on the side-walk; but just step over him, and leave him to his fate.

Living conditions are pathetically low and primitive. With nearly 90% of the people dependent upon the soil for a livelihood, the Indians are among the world's worst farmers. Rice is the staple diet, and

tea is the second crop in value. Fowl and fish may be eaten. Few vegetables are grown; nevertheless, gardens flourish during the dry season.

Beasts of burden are the elephant, the water buffalo, the bullock, and the camel. Farming implements consist mainly of two-wheeled carts, small wooden plows, heavy iron hoes, and large knives similar to a machete. Their houses, except those of the wealthy, range from mud huts to **bashas**, with earthen floors, split bamboo walls, and thatch roofs.

They have very little knowledge of sanitation; therefore, the morbidity and mortality rates from dysentery, cholera, and other tropical diseases are extremely high. Infant mortality is appalling; and malaria is endemic and wide-spread. The fittest survive.

I did not see a person who looked to be more than seventy; life expectancy is short; about 28 years. Famines are frequent and devastating, and millions have succumbed from starvation. Largely they are man-made instead of natural, for the soil is generally fertile. We arrived in Bengal near the last of a famine, during which 1½ million people were said to have died. Efforts of the British to improve the economy of India were of little avail. The Scripps plan was excellent; but it failed for the simple reason, that when you improve the economic condition of an Indian family, immediately the size of the family begins to increase. They do not believe in birth control in any form.

To my mind, it was an unfortunate occasion when the British were forced out of India. You are familiar with the religious riots and blood-shed, which accompanied the partition of the country into Pakistan, and India, proper; the first being largely Moslem and the second mainly Hindu. As another hindrance towards unity, Pakistan now consists of scattered and widely separated areas, some of them perhaps 1,500 miles apart. As I recall, it was Lincoln who said that a house divided against itself can not stand. It may be true that for 200 years the British exploited the resources of that country; but it is also true that through the weight and power of the British Empire the country was unified, warring factions were subdued, railroads, highways, and communications systems were built, industries were founded, and a central government was established.

Now to more pleasant thoughts: we have much pride in our own mountains, many of which are between one and three miles in altitude; but think of mountains more than five miles high! We once were

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within sight of gigantic Mt. Everest; but it was so obscured by clouds that we could scarcely see it. However, we did see clearly its neighbor, Kanchinjunga, a mere 28,150 feet, whose crest is covered with perpetual snow and ice; and it looks like a white cloud far up in the sky.

In conclusion, let me tell you the story of a King and Queen. More than three hundred years ago, the Moguls invaded and conquered India. Shah Jahan eventually became the outstanding King; and his Queen was known as Mumtaz Mahal (exalted of the palace). She accompanied him on military expeditions, and bore him several children; but died while still young. The King's grief was intense and prolonged. History states that while her body rested in a temporary tomb, he began the construction of a mausoleum suitable for her. It is located in the City of Agra, on the banks of the River Jumna, in central India. Its foundation covers the area of a city block, and is built of red sand-stone. The superstructure is composed of white marble. It is said that 20,000 skilled craftsmen spent 17 years in its construction, at an estimated cost of 18,000,000 dollars, and that it was later endowed with the revenue from 30 villages, yielding about \$30,000 annually.

You will know that we are referring to the Taj Mahal, justly acknowledged as one of the wonders of the world; and for sheer beauty, there is probably nothing made by man, that can equal it.

I approached it with a feeling of awe, took off my shoes, as is the custom, and upon entering the interior, unconsciously uncovered and bowed my head in reverence; not altogether to the historic memory of a pagan King and Queen, long since dead; but in part to the genius of a people who could design and build such a wonderful structure many generations ago. (Sometimes I question whether those architects would have had much difficulty in passing a course in freshman math in one of our modern colleges!)

The mausoleum, itself, occupies the center of the foundation, and the walls of the inner sanctum, which corresponds to a mezzanine floor, are inscribed with 14 chapters of the Koran, appropriate to mourning and spiritual hope. The chamber, containing the Cenotaphs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jahan which stand side by side, is surrounded by an octagonal screen of purest marble. Through some of its walls intricate floral designs have been carved, so that one may see them in all dimensions; and upon other sides, various texts from the Koran have been carved in the Persian language.

Originally, precious stones, imported from many eastern countries, were im-

bedded in the walls; but after the fall of the Moguls, the Taj was vandalized and the jewels stolen. Peculiarly, the real coffins rest in a vault, some 15 feet below, and directly under the cenotaphs, and can be seen as if looking down a stairwell.

Bayard Taylor, after a visit to the Taj wrote: "If there were nothing else in India, this alone would repay the journey. The distant view of this matchless edifice satisfied me that its fame is well deserved. So pure, so gloriously perfect did it appear, that I almost feared to approach it, lest the charm should be broken."

"No Eastern Prince for wealth or wisdom famed

No mortal hands this beauteous fabric framed.

In death's cold arms the fair Mumtaza slept,

And sighs over Jumna's winding water crept." (Anonymous)

After the termination of the last war, we were ordered back home; and in departing said farewell to India, the "Mother of Nations," with five thousand years of recorded history behind her.

It is not an adaptable country for people of white skin. The climate generally is atrociously hot and humid. Housing is bad, food is inadequate, and sanitary conditions are deplorable. There is a persistent and indescribable odor, a blend of filth, water hyacinths, gardenias, and orchids, all of which are abundant. But despite it all, to one who has lived there, at times there come a haunting desire to return.

To quote Kipling's familiar lines:

"For the temple bells are calling,

And it's there that I would be

By the old Moulmein Pagoda,

Looking lazy at the sea."

—THE END

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Naga Headhunters

● "Headhunters of Assam" (Oct.) was most timely in that we've been reading a lot in the newspapers about the tribal war the Nagas have been fighting with Indian troops. The Nagas want an independent State for their tribespeople and, of course, the Indians are reluctant to give it to them.

GEORGE A. EDSON,
Vancouver, Wash.

613th Field Artillery

● Always look forward to receiving the wonderful magazine. Brings back many memories and the great friendships I had made. Roundup has carried articles about Mars Task Force and the 612th Field Artillery. How about one on the 613th F.A. Bn.? Would enjoy hearing from anyone of this outfit.

KENNETH L. TREULIEB,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Radio Bangalore

● The article on the radio station in Bangalore was interesting to me as I was stationed at the Southern India Air Depot for several months and remember well when Colonel Robinson's station VU2ZP went on the air.

TROY V. ADLER,



STREET SCENE in Tinsukia, Assam. A merchant housed in the building at extreme left collected and sold at a neat profit American beer bottles from nearby Army bases. Photo by Clayton Orsted.

Liaison Officer Dies

● I would like to report the passing of a friend, Lt. Walter Frank. He first saw service with the 2nd Liaison Group under Col. Brown, and later with the Chinese 1st Ordnance Bn. He was well-liked by all who knew him . . . Still look forward to each new issue with its contents of nostalgia. Boyd Sinclair's articles are particularly interesting. They are so real in their accounts of places, people and events.

A. F. HOUSER,
Garden City, N. Y.

Jersey to Houston

● I am one of those who have never been to a CBI Reunion and I must admit your article on the St. Louis convention (Oct.) has made me want to attend one. It's a long way from Jersey to Houston, but I'll sure try to make it next year.

FRANK R. TORRE,
Newark, N.J.

Long-Time Reader

● This is the first time I have ever gotten around to dropping a line to Roundup, although I have been a subscriber since the first issue. And, incidentally, I have every copy of the magazine which I would not sell for \$1,000 if I knew they could not be replaced. My wife has been interested in saris and sari material ever since I brought back a few yards from Karachi in 1945. She enjoyed the article in the October issue on The Indian Sari. Roundup, with its unusual variety, is read and re-read in our home. We have particularly enjoyed the selection of stories you have been reprinting from the Calcutta newspaper. Keep up the good work. I am sure every subscriber enjoys each issue of the magazine more than the one before.

HOWARD C. FEHR,
Bismarck, N.D.



RIDING IN A four-man "dandy" up and down the steep inclines of Naini Tal is far better than walking. Here Willard S. Wilson demonstrates how to relax while going uphill.

The Old Sadhu of Hastings

From the Calcutta Statesman

By Mervyn Nichols

IN HASTINGS, in suburban Calcutta, I drowsing in the shade of a vast peepul tree, which was ancient before Job Charnock came to India, stands a very old bungalow. When the bungalow was built Hastings was a military cantonment, the only survival of which lingers on in the cavalry lines, now racing stables, and the names of one or two roads — Bakery Road and Commissariat Road, for instance, where the commissariat carts used to line up to draw rations — and in the Old Bungalow and a few like it.

In those far-off days the Old Bungalow was young and as immaculate as the officers who used her for their mess, and she enjoyed the company of the subalterns, their gaiety and high spirits, and did not mind an occasional broken window on guest nights, when billiard fives became a trifle exuberant, or having the plaster scraped from her walls during the scrums with which such nights invariably terminated.

In the course of time the Mess moved to Fort William, and though the Old Bungalow was sorry to lose her friends, she was older now and glad to welcome in their place a major and his soft-spoken wife, with a brood of happy children, who compensated her for the loss of the subalterns, even for Francis Montmorency Fortescue, who was always losing gold mohurs, which he could not afford, over rash bets, one of which reads: "Lieut. F. M. Fortescue bets Captain A. K. Piggot one gold Mohur, that he (F. M. Fortescue) will kill six couple of snipe on the Dukheria Lake with six consecutive shots, before 6 a.m. on Sunday next the 6th instant."

Which feat everyone, except apparently Lieut. Fortescue, knew was almost an impossibility.

Presently the major was either promoted, transferred, or sent his children to Europe to be educated, and found the bungalow too big, so he moved, and a young couple with their family came. Families were large in those days, and the Old Bungalow was happy, for she liked young things within her walls, and knew nothing of the periodical partings that came later with the discovery of hill stations. About this time the old sadhu took up his residence under the peepul

tree mentioned in the opening paragraph of this story. The young couple were annoyed at first, for he was a very holy man and many devotees came for his darshan, all of which they found rather a nuisance.

But he was so venerable and possessed of such a sweet character that they found his goodness outbalanced all else. So love between them grew and even survived the rock of 1857 upon which so many friendships foundered, but he would never enter their house, nor any other house for the matter of that, for in response to every invitation he invariably gave the same reply: "Since I entered the Path, I have never taken shelter anywhere except in God."

On the morning of the Great Storm, the young officer, realizing from the intense heat and the dark thunder-crusted clouds gathering to the northwest, that a storm of no ordinary violence was gathering, approached the old sadhu and begged him to take shelter in the house till the storm had passed, and in doing so accidentally brushed against him with his riding boot, which being made from pigskin was unclean and an abomination. In response to his apologies, the old sadhu, smiling, put him at ease by remarking: "It is nothing. They are chamra (leather) and this old hide of mine is also chamra, so what difference does it make?"

But he would not enter the house, giving the same reply as previously. So with many misgivings the young officer left him sunk in meditation.

Shortly after sunset the sky was split open by a gigantic, blinding flash of lightning, followed by such a crash of thunder that it sounded as if the heavens themselves had fallen in chaos upon the frightened earth beneath. Then the clouds opened and spilled themselves upon the earth. The fierce wind peeled the roofs from houses as if they had been tissue paper, and strewn the banks of the river with wreckage. The storm continued through the night and abated only toward the dawn, when the old sadhu was found apparently dead.

But the small knot of people who gathered round him, hoping that a spark of life might yet linger within his emaciated frame, carried him inside the old bungalow and laid him tenderly upon a bed in a room in the west wing. The staff surgeon was hastily summoned, and supposing that the family of the young officer was stricken, came immediately. He was a good-hearted man. He examined the old sadhu and leached him, thereby obliterating what small chance of recovery remained, and then took his leave, remarking that the patient appeared to be in need of nourishment. "Plenty of good red beef and a bottle of port a day, if you value him, Ma'm."

All that day and the next the sadhu lay in a coma, but as the sun was setting, he recovered consciousness and, calling for the young officer, said: "Sahib, my time has come, but before leaving you, I shall give you the only gift that lies within my power to give, for I possess nothing," and with these words he blessed the Old Bungalow: "May God bless everyone who lives in this house, everyone who works in this house, and everyone who enters this house. May the blessings of health, peace, wisdom, and happiness rest in this house and with everyone connected with it." And with this the old sadhu left his body, which with many lamentations was carried to the burning ghat, and his ashes were returned to the bosom of Mata Gunga.

In due course the young officer and his family passed on; the Army gave up the

Old Bungalow and pilots came in their stead, and after them professional men and people in commerce. But all of them seemed to have this in common — all were happy during their residence and all prospered. Moreover, no one ever died there. And now the Old Bungalow is decayed and mellow with age, and possesses a personality of her own, and this personality is the personalities of all who ever lived within her hospitable thick walls, all those who "lived and loved, and sung and danced and laughed, and wept, who won and wasted treasure and had their fill of pleasure." And perhaps the wise ones among them, like the Old Bungalow, realized that "all these things are weariness and most of them are dreariness and all these things save two things are emptiness and pain, for love it is the best of them and sleep worth all the rest of them."

—THE END.

Indian Tiger Still Plentiful

From the Calcutta Statesman

THE STORY has gone the rounds in sporting circles and among wild-life enthusiasts abroad that the tiger in India is on the verge of extinction. The late Jim Corbett ("Man-Eaters of Kumaon") told Lord Wavell in 1946 that the tiger would be "wiped out in 10 years" except for a few specimens in the sanctuaries and one or two Indian States. A letter by Corbett to this effect was reproduced in The Times of London, May 10, 1955.

The fact is that the tiger still holds its own in our forests. That Corbett's fears were ill-founded is borne out by the following table:

	Average Number of Tigers Shot Annually During		
	5 yrs. before WWII	6 yrs. during WWII	9 yrs. after WWII
Assam	16	19	62
Bengal	58	33	29
Bihar	9	4	7
Madras	21	no fig.	14
Madhya Pradesh	118	83	76
Mysore	3	13	5
Uttar Pradesh	108	93	95
Whole Region	333	245	274

It will be seen that the average number of tigers shot during the post-war period had declined about 18%. This decrease has been caused by such factors as the partition of Bengal; the prohibitive cost of permits, kills, drives, arms and ammunition; discontinuation of the large Christmas shooting camps of the British days; and, above all, by the progressive disappearance of the idle rich who in-

dulged in idle slaughter.

According to the heads of Forest Departments the tiger is on the increase in Bengal, whereas Assam, Bihar, Madras and Mysore consider their tiger population stationary, and Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh fear a decline. The general consensus, however, is that the steady depletion of game which supports the tiger constitutes a greater threat to its existence than the depredations of sportsmen.

Luckily, the tiger breeds freely in its wild state. The number of cubs in a single litter may be as high as six, but normally no more than two are found at heel. A tigress starts breeding at about the age of four years and has a litter at least every third or fourth year. Allowing for a mortality rate of about 50% among the cubs, a tigress may be depended upon to rear at least three cubs in her average span of life (under average conditions of controlled shooting) of about 10 years. The rate of multiplication of the tiger may safely be placed at 10% to 15%. Therefore, about 2,000 to 3,000 tigers can easily bear a shooting mortality of 300 tigers a year without showing any decline in numbers.

Sanctuaries and National Parks are conducive to the preservation of wild life in general and the tiger in particular.

The Indian lion, which once occupied a 25,000-square mile area, became extinct, except in a small area in Saurashtra, about 100 years ago. The tiger need fear no such fate. Unlike the lion, the tiger is wary enough to survive. If sportsmen were to shoot only the male, easily distinguishable by its footprints, this would help to ensure survival of the species.



Commander's Message

by

Robert E. Nesmith
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

Another year has passed and CBIVA is more solid than it has been since it was started. It is fortunate in having in its ranks many hard-working wallahs who spend a lot of time adding new members, spreading the word about the organization, and making the Reunion each year. The treasury has a sound balance; business conditions are good; the national picture is excellent and from this date forward our progress should be rapid.

We Texans had a wonderful trip up to and back from the Reunion at St. Louis. We flew up at 8,000 feet and back a little higher than that due to the heat thermals around St. Louis, which could have been caused by the hot gossip at the hotel, or perhaps from the Buffalo Chip Fire I noticed at the hotel door.

I want to brag about the St. Louis Basha which did such an excellent job of putting on the Reunion. The food was excellent, the entertainment much more than we expected, and the friendly way each of us was received by each member of the St. Louis group will long be remembered. Just as friendly as an old bird dog, and for awhile I thought they were from Texas!

David Hyatt and Harold Kretchmar, having headed up the Program Committee are due a well-earned pat on the back. We, the members of CBIVA, take pleasure in thanking each member of the St. Louis Basha for a job well done.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Ed.

Some of you who will be reading this column were not at St. Louis, and didn't see the film on the magnificent Shamrock and Fabulous Houston, so I'll cover a little each month. Some of it will sound a little like bragging, but the only way you may be able to dispute my claim is to make the Houston Reunion and see for yourself.

The Shamrock has a special rate for CBI—\$12.00 for double, \$8.00 single, and children under 14 free. This includes swimming pool and everything else. This is the best bargain since Manhattan Island was purchased from the Indians for \$21.00.

A deep sea fishing trip will be on tap for those checking in two days before Reunion time. I'll tell you a little about the fishing on our coast. At this time of year we have good sailfish catches; tarpon; King and then we get back to the smaller fish like 24-pound red snapper. Now this red snapper is a real friendly Texas fish. He just loves people so you don't have to put bait on your hook. Just drop the hook over the side of the boat and this fine fish, to show his Southern hospitality, gets himself on the hook and raises just enough fuss to let you know he is on the line, waiting for you to pull him into the boat.

For you fellows who like a real fighter, there is an abundance of tarpon. This fellow likes a little ole minnow weighing about four pounds, and if you can out-fight him, you have a nice trophy about 7-feet long, weighing around 70 pounds. You fellows who are on the sissy side, as I am, can catch plenty of speckled trout in the surf at Galveston, or from the pier where you can have your lunch and beer. Check in ahead of time, be on your own or sign up for one of these fishing trips.

Building membership in the CBIVA is sort of like fishing. You have to be prepared with the right bait. Don't just say CBI, tell them about the fun we have; the grand Reunions; the good fellowship, and the lasting friendship they will have with the members. You couldn't possibly take my membership away from me, and I'm sure you feel the same, and so will our new members. I've made hundreds of friends since I wandered into Milwaukee, without knowing any of the members. Yes sir! Them that ain't in now ought to be.

Many members couldn't attend the Sunday Memorial Services at St. Louis, and so that you will not have missed the excellent talk given by Monsignor W. F. Mullally, it is being published in this issue. Each of us will do well to read this fine speech and take to heart its contents.

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
National Commander,
3318 Aberdeen Way,
Houston 25, Texas.

Rs. 5 for Scotch

● I'm enclosing a Rs. 5 note which I brought back with me from India in 1945. I have no further use for it so am sending it on to you with one request: Use it to buy a Scotch and soda in the bar at the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta. I'll be thinking of you while you're doing it.

BILL PARISH,
Grand Island, Nebr.

*Only one thing wrong—
the British note is no longer
honored. But, chances are,
we'll buy the drink anyhow.*
—Ed.

Bengal AD Medics

● Was with the 82nd Supply Squadron, first at Agra and later at the Bengal Air Depot. Was transferred to the 83rd Hq. & Hq. Sq. in which I remained until returning to the States. Our group of eight medical men were the first Medics to arrive at Bengal Air Depot and saw it grow from a few temporary buildings into the large supply base it grew to be. My fond memories of India are of the Czech citizens of Batanagar.

LEO BIALEK,
Inverness, Mont.



AMONG FORMER Army Nurses who attended the CBI Reunion at St. Louis are (l. to r.) Barbara Sheridan Kelly, Dorothy Davis, Eva Taylor, Delores Hazelwood Smoczynski, Deloris Smith Ward, and Mary Wood Hanssen. Ward, Smoczynski and Taylor were with the 25th Field Hospital. Photo by Erwin Steideman.



INDIAN ARMY workers load oil drums in American lend-lease boxcars of the Bengal & Assam RR at Pandu. Photo by James McNamara.

Best Regards

● While you are in Calcutta in October, if captain of waiters—Mr. Tweedy—is still at Firpo's, and Mr. Brown at Whiteaway Laidlaws please give them my best.

CLINTON LITCHFIELD,
Stamford, Conn.

St. Louis Reunion

● The St. Louis CBI Reunion was terrific! The St. Louis Basha sure deserves ovations for their splendid job. I'll be in Houston next August.

WM. TREUCHTLINGER,
Linden, N. J.

Tibet's Mountains

● The story about "India's Gateway to Tibet" (Oct.) was good and interesting. It has always been a source of surprise to me that anyone would want to risk life and limb traveling over the high mountain passes into the wilderness of Tibet for so little trading.

HAYES GRESSLING,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pilgrimage Photos

● Lt. Charles L. Woodward, one of the members of your tour to India, was stationed for a short period at my officers' mess in Mohanbari. Bet you are waiting in wild anticipation for the long-earned "Pilgrimage to India." Have lots of fun and bring us a batch of interesting pictures.

ERNEST MORF,
Salt Lake City, Utah

209th Combat Engineers

● I have partly recovered from the St. Louis Reunion and want to say we sure had a wonderful time. I think the 209th Combat Engineers had the best turnout there has been at any of the CBI Reunions. We had a total of 11 fellows there, and believe me it sure was good to get to see these fellows after ten years.

HYCLE NOLAND,
Independence, Mo.

Thanks, CBI-ers!

In just six months you've helped to make Roundup's BAZAAR OF INDIA an overwhelming success. We've had great difficulty keeping merchandise in stock, due to the great demand.

The BAZAAR is closed now, until November 21st, while we are on the Pilgrimage to India. We will make every effort while in India to purchase new souvenirs and gift items for you — in sufficient quantity.

After our return we will announce our new purchases and the prices will be as low or lower than ever before.

We regret that it will be impossible to supply India imports for Christmas-giving this year, due to our 45-day absence. We do not expect to receive new shipments before January 1st.

When the BAZAAR reopens after our return next November 21st, we will advertise the few remaining items from our present stock for those last-minute shoppers.



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